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Judge

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A SUMMER BUTTERFLY.

General R. A. Alger has come out boldly as an aspirant for Presidential honors.

The butterfly now gayly flits and poises in the air;
The western zephyrs fan his wings o'er posies sweet and rare.
But seasons change, and will it be that when the summer's through
And wintry blasts have intervened he'll last till '92?

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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JUBAL EARLY has been extremely anxious to fight with somebody ever since Philip Sheridan died.

* * *

IF JOHN SHERMAN retires to private life there will be a large hole in the statesmanship that prevails at Washington.

* * *

FORAKER revived? How curious that is! We didn't suppose Foraker was due until 1990.

* * *

JAMES F. JOY once spoke admiringly of James T. Blaine. General Alger seems to think his name is James T. P. Joy—James Too Previous.

* * *

JOHN A. SLEICHER once knew how to tell the truth; but since he has been to Texas he says they plant potatoes there and have them for breakfast on the previous morning.

* * *

HENRY WATTERSON is desperate over the Lodge bill. He seems to be continually remarking in a voice of dark despair, "We have nothing left but honor, and deuced little of that."

* * *

IN THE CASE of General Fremont everybody presses forward to say what should have been done. While the pathfinder lived everybody pressed backward to say what shouldn't and couldn't.

* * *

DID IT ever occur to the more sensitive and effusive friends of Mr. Blaine that that gentleman is able to take care of himself? There is a kind of ardor in his behalf that would seem to indicate a fear that he won't be able to take care of them.

* * *

"TWENTY MILLION babies have been born in this country since 1880," says Senator Blair, "and every one of them is an ignoramus." Well, senator, that's better than to have them know enough to make such a silly statement as that.

* * *

SOMEBODY says that Cuba isn't worth having. The Lord created Cuba for a bountiful island, and he doesn't make mistakes. It is not surprising that under Spanish rule Cuba has deteriorated; but you don't condemn a century because a year of it has been disastrous.

* * *

TWO GIRLS in Virginia are delighting themselves by waving the confederate flag. Where is the harm? Let them wrap themselves in its folds, the foolish children! and there isn't a northerner who won't embrace the whipped emblem and shoot the man who tears it down on the very spot.

A SIGN OF NO BUSINESS SAGACITY.

LAGER-BEER PURVEYOR (*from the city*)—"Frieda!"
HIS WIFE—"Ja."
PURVEYOR—"Dot Heffenpurger takes dot down or he fails in vun year, ain'd it?"

MIDSUMMER.

THE SILLY SEASON is likewise the fighting season. Within a few days we have had information of an impending war between England and Uncle Sam regarding the Behring sea fisheries; of a revolution of the Newfoundland people against the English government; of a tremendous struggle between Blaine and Reed on the tariff question; of the determination of the Chinese government to drive Americans out of China; of a strike of the London police of such proportions as to threaten the perpetuity of the lion and the unicorn; of a revolution in Chili; of an uprising in the south against the Lodge bill, and of cyclones and water-bursts without number. Most of these reports of trouble have been pronounced untrue, but the fighting season is still with us and there is nothing too startling for the newspapers to print. Let us persist, however, in keeping cool. The state troops are idling at Peekskill. The Indians are quiet. The races down south are quiescent, if not hopeful and cheerful. The boodlers keep coming home, satisfied that there is no country as safe as this. The waves of the sea go no higher up the beach than formerly; there is coolness in the mountains; the mosquito period is nearing its end; there is very fair fishing; there is not enough beer in the glass to bring intoxication, and Brigadier Henry Watterson is in the mountains of Tennessee drinking brandy-and-water and fanning himself with sprigs of the peaceful pine. Let everybody say to himself, "If there is any fighting to do somebody else must do it," and there shall be a wise world, and the most delightful summer we have had since the one last year.

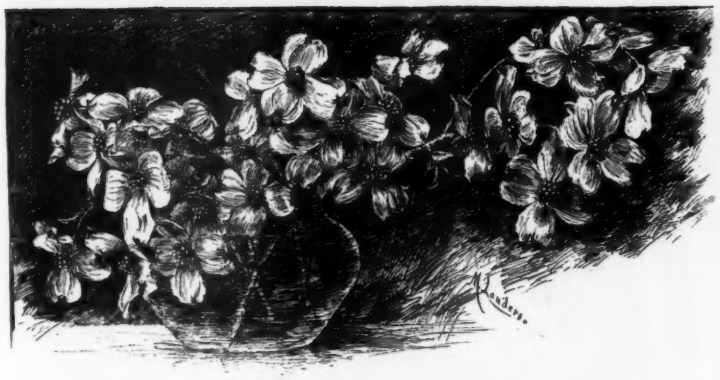
A WARNING.

THE GRAVE and dilatory part of the federal congress has had the bill for the revision and adjustment of tariff duties before it now for over two months. It was to be expected that the senate would not suddenly acquiesce in all the details of the house bill. It should be remembered, however, that the substantial suppression of action is a menace to the business interests of the country. Uncertainty is sometimes more appalling than death. If nothing is to be done; if the pronouncement of every state convention, if the promise of the national one, if the demand of the country through its indorsement by vote of what was expected to be the Republican policy are to be ignored and broken, it were better to be honest and announce it than keep on the rack interests that are suffering from the uncertainty of the future.

It is not the position or political hereafter of Mr. Blaine or Mr. McKinley or any other Republican representative that is of such overpowering importance. It is, however, the great industrial question that is; and that should be settled, and settled at once. If the sugar duties are the stumbling blocks let them be retained for the present and leave for slow and uncertain diplomacy their modification or adjustment by some form of reciprocity with the South American states.

Spanish America is not likely to be swift in concession. Its statesmen are neither speedy nor over-anxious. European influences are likely to retard if not cancel any prompt conclusions. Can we afford to wait and the country to hesitate, on an industrial policy, the constructed or deliberate motion of other and outside governments? Is it wise for the great northern republic, with all its multifarious interests, to shape itself into a mere string and play at catch with a lump of sugar? The country is expectant and impatient. The Republican party unless it fulfills its promise must anticipate the deserts of a defeat. It is well enough to refer to its glorious past. Reminiscence is pleasant enough as a sentiment. It is valueless as an asset. It is the policy of to-day and the coming days that engrosses public attention. If this federal legislature, this Republican administration, dawdles on the edge of its political precipice it will be crowded over to self-destruction. Its only escape is to do its duty and do it at once.

J. A.



CITY AND COUNTRY.

I FIND no joy in such midsummer madness
  As bathing, flirting, dancing by the sea;
I am content and feel no touch of sadness
  Because I'm forced to dwell here, busily
Recording names and dates beyond all measure,
  Until at times I nearly fall asleep;
For I've found out a way of getting pleasure
  Within the city that is twice as cheap.

Whene'er old Sol distracts me or displeases,
  And all my efforts to keep cool doth mock,
I woo the very fresh and healthful breezes
  From off a seat upon my favorite dock;
And if at times I'm thirsty and o'erheated
  And feel as if outright I'm going to thaw,
Upon a stool I manage to get seated
  And sip the sparkling seltzer through a straw.

Be mine the city joys without all number
  From which the seaside visitor is barred;
His slumber is no deeper than the slumber
  I get by sleeping in my big back yard;
And as for "summer girls" upon whose larking
  And play at love the visitor so dotes,
Does he have chances such as I for sparking
  On picnic platforms or excursion-boats?

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE RETURNED boodler's salute to the colonel—"Hail, Fellows! well met."

* * *

WHEN Miss Winnie Davis is married she will be grammatically known as Wonnie.

* * *

MR. PORTER might easily have been the most popular man in the United States. All he had to do was to multiply every city's population by two.

* * *

"R. CROKER is not going to Europe for good," says the Albany *Times*. That is too bad. If we knew where Richard could go for good we should select him in preference to any other missionary.

WE CALL Mr. Cleveland's attention to the remark by Madame Modjeska, "To lose one's temper is to lose one's beauty."

* * *

SICK as Henry M. Stanley was, he cried out "These nuptials shall go on," and didn't call for skirmishers or a substitute. But we must not make a mistake. It would have shown more fortitude to do the other way.

* * *

AS SOMEBODY has said, there are no off years in politics. If anybody knows of a more interesting political period than this he has been searching history. But that is a natural result of Republican rule at Washington. There is little wasted time in that locality this year.

THE DEFEAT OF AN AMAZON;

OR, FRENCH POLITENESS IN SENEGAL.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

FROM THE CONNING-TOWER.

TOOT TITUS—"Elhester Heathstone, all is over between us! I have found a fickleness in your character which I can never forgive. Good-bye."

PAPA HEATHSTONE—"Look here, friend, you're the ninth in six months. Can't we compromise this thing?"

HUM OF THE COURT.

EVE WORE the prettiest bathing-suit.

ALL WOMEN must love something, and Marie Bashkirtseff loved herself.

A DESERT of alkali is believed by Mr. William Nye to be the petrified hush of centuries.

THE KAISER gets sick at sea, and will therefore order that the waves be combed with a lawn-mower.

HENRY WATTERSON is so mad at the Lodge bill that he threatens to hang himself with one of the postscripts of his five-column articles.

TWO DEATHS by the stings of bees and one by the thousand-legged worm show us again, in the logic of the prohibitionist, that the summer must be abolished.

OSCAR WILDE says he hates to see his name in a newspaper, and with the sole exception of this mention we are sure everybody hates to see it as much as he does.

OUR FLAG, hoisted by Undertaker Smith of Hamilton, Ont., was riddled with bullets on the fourth of July. Smith, there were your coffins. Why didn't you fill them?

DURING hot weather every disagreement between governments hints of war; and after hot weather the governments learn what fools they and the papers have made of themselves.

MR. MAST of Springfield, O., a millionaire Sunday-school superintendent of the Methodist persuasion, recently apologized to the congregation to which he belongs for letting his daughters dance on his lawn. It appears to us that the apology was not sufficient. He ought to saw off their legs.

HER CONTEMPT FOR THE QUALITY.

MOTHER TROUT—"Come back, children; I thought it was one of the village boys with a bent pin and an alder pole. That thing couldn't catch one of you if he tried a week."

THERE is one good thing about the call of our sharp little governor on Mrs. Hendricks. The good lady not only received him kindly, but she didn't abduct him.

THE FOOT of the Chicago girl has been insulted too much. The truth is that the Chicago young lady has such small extremities that she repeatedly puts them in her mouth.

ONE "BAB," a woman, as her name indicates, says of all she has seen in England she likes the men best. This is not a discovery. Undoubtedly of all she has seen elsewhere she has the same preference.

IT SURPRISES us to see the Pittsburg *Dispatch* speak of two dogs supposed to be connected with the JUDGE. Why, you dear little whelp! if we should hold up a bone your yelps could be heard from Pittsburg to Coney island.

THERE is a Canadian defaulter and he can't be found. Retribution is sure to come to those Canadians in some shape; but we hope they will rob the American defaulters among them until they can't get money enough to pay their fare home.

IT OCCURS to us that the expense of ice-cream is not large, and that therefore the wails of many of the iridescent summer poets are so contemptible as to warrant a vigorous spanking; the same to be conferred, not with the dignity used by the mother-in-law, but by the infant of the summer sands with his little shovel.

THERE are forty-one states besides the one known as the Louisiana lottery company.—*Judge.*

What, only forty-one states? The JUDGE is no judge in a question of that kind.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

We spoke just previous to the admission of Wyoming and —h'm!—the other one. Of course everybody knows, old Smarty, that there are forty-nine now.

THE SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE

NOW the jocund earth rejoices
and the so-called welkins
ring
With a greeting to the summer
and a farewell to the spring,
And off in the hazy distance, flirting
o'er her fan with fate,
There's a lovely vision waiting—
'tis the sweet girl-graduate.

She is list'ning for the signal, for the sounding of the bell
That will start the young reporter all her triumphs glad to tell;
How he'll talk about her talent and her shy reluctant feet,
And he'll ring in all the changes where the hook and river meet.

He will write such glowing columns on her brimming golden curls,
He will crown her queen triumphant of the rosebud wreath of girls,
He will chant her youth and beauty from the dewy morn till night,
And she'll wear in every instance "some soft clinging stuff" of white.

But she doesn't mind the chatter that he writes a little bit,
For she's certain that her *crêpe de chine* will surely make a hit,
And her essay tied with ribbon, which will say as heretofore
That the past she's left behind her and the future is before.

How she'll dimple when she courtesies o'er her mammoth white bouquet,
How she'll sweetly flush and flutter as she shyly ebbs away;
Then a tear will gem her lashes as she nestles by her mate—
What a dear, delicious humbug is the sweet girl-graduate!

Oh, the poets tell the glories of the leafy month of June,
And they sing the time of roses to an old and worn-out tune;
But the man who reads the papers feels a thrill of helpless hate,
For there's nothing there but base-ball and the sweet girl-graduate.

KATE MASTERSON.

HOW WE LOVE A LIAR.

MRS. BONNYFACE (*meeting her husband at his office-door*)—"Which way now, Raymond?"

MR. BONNYFACE—"Er—ahem! I—er—was on my way around to the—er—clearing-house for a moment."

AN AMATEUR FANCIER.

MRS. NEWHOUSE—"I think we'd better sell that one, Charley."

MR. NEWHOUSE—"Why?"

MRS. NEWHOUSE—"All the others set as comfortably as you please, but I can't get her on a nest to save my life."

AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

"IT SAYS in the history that the early pioneers blazed their path through the woods."

"Yes."

"What did they do it with?"

"With their blazers, I suppose."

NEITHER WOULD SUIT.

Mrs. Fangle—"Let us go to the seaside, John, dear."

Fangle—"Oh, the air there is too salt."

Mrs. Fangle—"Then let us go to the mountains."

Fangle—"No, indeed; there it is too fresh."

AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

Jockey—"Can't ride to-day, Mr. Pettit."

Pettit—"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

Jockey—"No, I'm not sick; but I've got a sliver in my finger and I'm afraid they'd make it out that I was overweight."

THE PROPER SEASONING.

Amy—"Mabel, you'll have to take young Mr. Goslin *cum grano salis*."

Mabel—"Why?"

Amy—"Because he's too fresh."

AT BATH BEACH.

Mr. Joblots—"Silsby told me to-day that he had just bought a catamaran and was going to keep it down at the river."

Mrs. Joblots—"Male or female, James?"

THE WORLD AGAINST HIM.

"YOU look sad and dejected. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes; the discouragements of my profession are sometimes more than I can bear. Look at that sign—'Beware of pickpockets!'"

"But what has that to do with you?"

"Well, I'm a pickpocket."

THE CREDITOR'S REVENGE.

BILL STUMP (*the painter*)—"Old Bullock refuses to pay my bill, and I've got to get square with him in some way."

OLD BULLOCK—"That notice is certainly attracting great attention."

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

MR. THOMAS STINGY is precisely what his name would signify. The other day a friend visited him. It was very hot, and after a few words had been interchanged Mr. Stingy asked his caller, "Would you like to have some refreshment?"

"With great pleasure, dear old boy!" exclaimed the poor fellow, who was awfully thirsty.

"All right, I will open the windows. We'll have some breeze."

CAUSE FOR ANGER.

"YOU SAY you don't know Colonel Fellows, and that you never saw him, but you denounce him at every chance you get. What has he ever done to you?"

"Well, I'm a Montreal hotel-keeper, that's all."

EVIDENCE OF GREAT WEALTH.

Idaho station-agent—"What makes you think the gent was Mr. Vanderbilt?"

By-stander—"'Cos, when he stepped off the car I seen a tooth-brush in his vest-pocket."

HIS FIRST SIGHT OF A CIGARETTE.

MR. JERVIS—"Gimme another one, Luke."

HIS SON (*home from Amherst*)—"Why, father, you've had six in less than half a minute."

MR. JERVIS—"You don't expect a man to fill his pipe with jest one 'r them little packages of that terbacker, do yer?"

LIKE THE SUITS THEMSELVES.

"WHAT is the style of the bathing-suit joke this season?" asked the funny man's friend.

"Cut décolleté at the other end a little more than last year's."

LITTLE SUMMER VERSELETS.

LITTLE drinks of lemon-
Ade, all tinted pink,
At the circus capture
Johnny Hayseed's chink.

Little looks of longing
Near ice-cream saloons
Make the summer girl's
Young man again play spoons.

Little spells of flirting
Where the hammocks swing
Sometimes bring forth diamonds,
Often bring—nothing.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

IN A CHICAGO THEATRE.

STAGE-MANAGER—"The bass-drummer's laid up to-night. What shall we do for drum and cymbals?"

PROPRIETOR—"I've arranged it all right. Buzenbark of the St. Paul road is to have a box, and he's consented to mumble his name during the overture and between acts."

AUGUST.

'TIS AUGUST when your skin begins to peel,
And perspiration down your face doth pour;
You're sure you know not what you're living for
Except to broil and boil and roast and feel
The much abhorred caloric o'er you steal.
You swear, complain, and swallow drinks galore,
But after all you only sweat the more
And find your sufferings you cannot conceal.
But, August, though my temper you do rile,
I still could think your heat "a little mild,"
And keep myself from acting like a fool,
If some mean mortal, leering all the while,
In accents that do almost drive me wild
Wouldn't come and tell me ten times to "keep cool."

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE LOVELY PESTS.

Angry farmer—"See here! don't you know I can't afford to have my grass trampled down for the sake of a few berries? You'll have to move out of here."

Lady from the city—"We are not picking berries; we are gathering a handful of these lovely, charming, golden-hearted, snow-tipped, ox-eye daisies."

Farmer—"Oh, I beg your pardon. Go right ahead, and come again to-morrow and bring your relatives."

THE BALLAD OF RAIN AND SHINE.

(*Ballade of a double refrain.*)

WHEN roads are heavy and paths are rough,
And the sea comes in with a surly swell;
When the starch is out of collar and cuff,
There is room for a mackintosh and umbrell;
But whenever the open shutters tell
Of a certain maiden who waits my call,
And the sun is glinting on ripple and shell,
Then hey!—for her ribboned parasol!

When money is short and the *pater's* gruff,
And 'tis pleasant to linger on a spell,
One *may* pull thro' and have enough,
If he need only mackintosh and umbrell;
But summer laughs when a rose is to sell—
'Tis only a trifle—a yacht or a ball—
And gay is the season's piquant belle
Still, hey!—for her saucy parasol

When the maid adored gives a mild rebuff,
And proffered love is a beast to quell,
And the heart once tender is growing tough,
Then rain!—and a mackintosh and umbrell!
But when she whispers at parting, "Well,
'Twas a lovely summer, after all;"
When a blush and a sigh the secret tell,
Then hey!—for her shady parasol!

ENVOY.

What matters the rain or the ocean swell
To a good stout mackintosh and umbrell?
The sun will shine where the rain-drops fall,
And your covering be her parasol!

LIBBY ADAMS TURNER.

HIS ONE FAULT.

"HE'S an awfully nice fellow and a good friend of mine, but he has one grievous fault—he is always quoting French and Latin and all the other languages."

"And doesn't know one I suppose?"

"That's just it; he does know them and I don't."

BUT SHE DID NOT MOVE.

WHY, Johnny, what do you mean by offering a cent to the old horse?"

"Why, papa, I heard you say that money made the mare go."

HE WAS IN IT.

Teacher (holding up a palm-leaf to try to get scholar to use "fan" as a verb)—"What do people do with this?"

Observing pupil—"Put patent-medicine ads on it."

AT ASBURY PARK.

"I JUST saw Noona Dashitte's new bathing-suit, and it's perfectly dreadful."

"Don't see how it could be any more dreadful than her last year's one."

"Oh, but this is way below her knees, with high neck and long sleeves."

"Oh, the horrid thing! She'll go to any lengths to attract attention."

THE FASHION.

"THE age of gentility is past. It seems to be the fashion nowadays to be tough."

"What do you base your opinion on?"

"The beefsteak we get at Mrs. Hendricks's boarding-house."

NOMENCLATURE.

"WHY do you call old maids 'spinsters'?" asked Foster.

"I don't," replied Talbot; "I call them 'chestnuts.'"

WORDS OF CHEER.

EARNESTY CAHOON (*who has received a piano for committing the psalms to memory*)—"It's dreadful wearin', pop."

HER FATHER—"Don't git discouraged, Earny. Keep on a-hammerin', an' 'Yankee Doodle' 's bound t' come out. She's in thar."

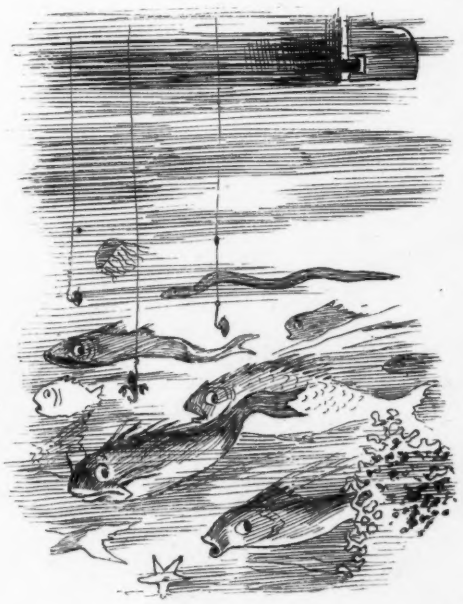
DIES HAPPY.

LAST words of Kemmler—"You press the button, I take a rest."

OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED.

First Elmira man—"There's a sixteen-year-old boy up here who has just shot and killed his father."

Second Elmira man (excitedly)—"The young scamp! He ought to be spanked!"



A MIGRATION EXPLAINED.

FISHERMAN (*up above*)—"It's no use Bill; somethin's scart 'm an' they're all headin' fer Europe."

THE GIRLS—"Now, grandma, don't be frightened. You're doing splendidly."

AT BAY—HUNTI

A popular summer sport—much indulged in

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

—HUNTING THE STAG.

h indulged in by our girls at the summer resorts.

WASTED AGONY.

AUNT HESTER (*as the boat goes over*)—"Save me, Edborough! Oh, Edborough, save me!"
UNCLE EDBOROUGH—"I will if you'll do just as I tell you."
AUNT HESTER—"I'll try; but save me! save me!"

UNCLE EDBOROUGH—"Well, just stand up, will you?"

SUMMER SPORTS.

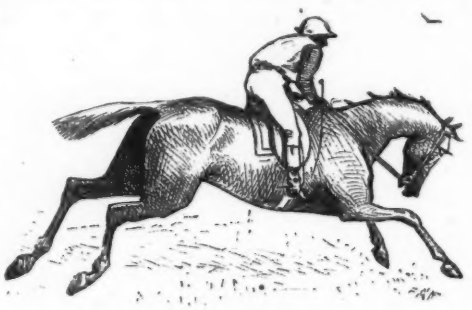
THIS is the happy season when a young man goes away on his vacation and comes back with a face resembling a Mohawk Indian in the time of paint and war. His nose is of a brilliant crimson and his chin and cheek-bones are a tawny hue, while the rest of his face varies from baby-pink to sunset-red. "Have a good time?" you ask, and in reply he pulls up his coat-sleeve and exhibits an arm the color of the new two-cent stamps. That is his idea of fun.

If a man had to work as hard for his living as he does in extracting pleasure from the fleeting hours of the joyous summer he would kick—and no one would blame him. But in pursuit of happiness he considers no exertion too hard or tiresome. He will chase a base-ball across the fields and slide on his neck from base to base in three inches of dust, and that is what he calls fun.

He will sit all day in the broiling sun and use every means to coax the finny fish from the watery depths and he will sit in a boat and row for miles, and this he terms sport.

He will knock a ball backward and forward over a tennis-net shrieking "Forty, love!" to the pretty girl on the other side of the net until he is well-nigh exhausted, and that is included under the general head of pleasure.

And the lazy man who watches this poor man asketh him, "What is work?"



Lo, the fiery, well-trained steed,
Dashing on at lightning speed!
When I back that horse to win
May he e'er as *first* come in;
But if *he's* not in One, Two, Three,
What care I how fleet he be?

And when I in a certain race
Have backed that fleeter for a place,
I watch him then (with hope supplied)
With something of a backer's pride.
But if he's not in One, Two, Three,
What care I where else he be?

INGERSOLL AND VAN VOORHIS.

COLONEL INGERSOLL lately appeared before a Rochester court in a lawsuit. During the progress of the trial he said to ex-Congressman Van Voorhis, the opposing counsel, "Mr. Van Voorhis, if you don't stop objecting so much I shall be forced to change my opinion of you."

Van Voorhis—"Mr. Ingersoll, I thought you were a man who never changed his opinion."

Ingersoll—"Well, I may have to some day, and I suppose you'll be there to twit me about it."

HE NEVER CATCHES ANYTHING.

Sumway—"I went fishing with Jaysmith yesterday, and while I caught a big string he didn't catch a fish. Strange, wasn't it?"

Gazlay—"Not at all. You seem to forget that Jaysmith is a detective."

A PRIVATE UTTERANCE.

German hotel-keeper—"Hist! the great Bismarck was here half an hour ago."

Reporter—"Ah! did he say anything to you of an official nature?"

German hotel-keeper—"No; his utterance was merely that of a private gentleman."

Reporter—"Tell me what he said."

German hotel-keeper—"'Two beers.'"

THE BEST OFFER HE COULD MAKE.

MISS CRUPPER (*to herself*)—"Just my luck! all tired out, and not a seat in the car."

SAWED-OFF PETERS (*gallantly*)—"Take my standin'-room, lady."

NOTICE.

(*Translation.*)

A new interpretation of the law concerning Champagne Brands seems, since the last few years, likely to prevail.

The right to use a patronymic name appears to be admitted, even where that name enjoys a universal reputation—the fruit of persevering work and heavy sacrifices—and where it has become a veritable property for the Founder of the Brand, as has been confirmed by several judgments of our Supreme Court.

Our Brand, for some time past, has been the aim of a kind of competition, which we cannot too severely comment upon.

Without wishing to have recourse to litigation, which is repugnant to us, we must affirm the incontestable right to our name, which has for a century enjoyed a high reputation throughout the world.

We have to state that Madame Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin never had a Son, or a Nephew bearing her name and able to take advantage of these ties of relationship ; that her only successors have been Mr. Werlé and his Son, who from 1831 have directed the affairs of our house ; and that our present chief, the Count Alfred Werlé, is the sole proprietor of the Brand "Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin."

Besides, we are anxious to protect the public, who, asking for "Clicquot," meaning thereby "the Widow" (La Veuve), with our well-known Brand on cork, as here shown, from having imposed upon them Wines other than our own, with more or less cleverly arranged labels.

V. CLICQUOT P. WERLE

With this object in view we intend for the future attaching to all our bottles, above the ordinary label, an additional small label bearing the Brand which has always figured on our cases.

GARANTIE D'ORIGINE V C P MARQUE DÉPOSÉE

We give below a "fac-simile" of this well-known mark, with the words "Garantie d'Origine" above, and "Marque déposée" below, which mark henceforth will also appear on all our invoices, and is registered in France and other countries.

WERLÉ & CO.,
Successeurs de Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin,
RHEIMS.

Byron is one of the luckiest towns in the west. It has a brass band just organized without the means to procure instruments.—*Musical Courier.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her **Castoria.**
When she was a Child, she cried for **Castoria.**
When she became Miss, she clung to **Castoria.**
When she had Children, she gave them **Castoria.**

He—"The fools are not all dead yet." *She*—"That's as true as you live." And he couldn't understand why she emphasized the "you."—*Herald.*

YOU CANNOT SHAVE YOURSELF? WHY? BECAUSE YOU NEVER USED

COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething ; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead he never to himself hath said "I wish fire-cracker time were fled?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors **AND OTHER CORDIALS.**

The favorite game in New Jersey in more senses than one centres about the mosquito. It is "hide and seek." The summer visitor furnishes the hide and the mosquito seeks it.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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Would you fully satisfy the requirements of a refined taste for exquisite perfumes, use **SEELY'S ORCHID FLOWER**; they are delightful reproductions of the odors of these *aristocratic flowers.*

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SEELY MANUFACTURING CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF ORCHID PERFUMES,
DETROIT, MICH.

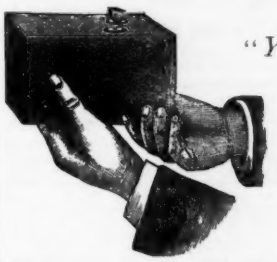
She (at the piano)—"Listen!—how do you enjoy this refrain?" *He*—"Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it."—*Musical Courier.*

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

Robert C. Hones of Savannah, Ga., writes the JUDGE—"If the Republican party fail to enact stringent immigration laws to keep out the scum of Europe, the party is doomed. I was one of the pioneers in organizing the Harrison association of the eighteenth ward of Brooklyn, and reduced the Democratic majority on the issue of immigration. I have found the same discontent in the eastern and western states. If the party act wisely on that question there will be a Republican congress and Harrison the candidate in 1892 ; otherwise the Democratic party will sweep the country."

A suggestion that must not be over-looked, though the existing laws are rather stringent.

NEW KODAKS



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A soft hat throughout, combining the Dressy appearance of the stiff hat, with all the comfort of the former. Made up in black, brown and a light color, on the order of a buff or tan, also a dark pearl or grey.

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Established nearly half a century in the same locality.

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The New COLLAR YUBA DAM PRICE 25¢
MANUFACTURED SOLY BY W. BARKER, TROY, N.Y.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

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SHANDON BELLS PERFUME

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THE BIG TROMBONE.

You have seen him in the orchestra,
With aged, thoughtful face,
Where care and time have both combined
Their furrows deep to trace;
His eyes oft wear a far-off look,
As if he were alone,
When he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

It isn't much—a note or two
The harmonies to fill;
It doesn't take remarkable
Intelligence or skill;
With feelingless precision,
Since to habit it has grown,
He plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

And yet the face is delicate,
The forehead broad and high;
No doubt replete with promise
Was the youth of years gone by;
O'er a lot of faded manuscript
He looks when he's alone,
Ere he plays the part that's written
For the big trombone.

—*Washington Post.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Mrs. Baskley—"What's the matter, Henry? You look disgusted." *Baskley*—"Why, I gave a poor widow ten dollars on the sly to buy coal with and she didn't tell anybody."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

If you wish to be in the pleasant valley of contentment and health, lubricate your bronchial tubes during meals with the "Great Western" champagne made by the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., of Rheims, N. Y.

"Professor," said a smart Eleck to Professor Wellread, "why is it that dogs always bark at the moon?" "Well," said the professor, "it has been said that the moon is made of green cheese, and there may be rats in it."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Don't tread on fretful trouble's train
Or give way to your woes;
When the papers say it's sure to rain
Put on your Sunday clothes.

—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE

Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

The spendthrift learns each day he lives
Which relative forsakes;
His aunt, she is the one who gives,
His uncle he who takes.

—*Drake's Magazine.*

The marriage wasn't a month old and the young bride and her visiting mother sat watching the clock work toward midnight. "What is that heavy, broken, uncertain footstep coming up the stairs?" said the mother-in-law sternly. "I guess it's George, mamma. You know he always stuttered, and here of late it seems to have got somehow into his walk."—*Philadelphia Times.*

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SUNDAYS from East 99th St., 10 and 11 a.m., 12 m., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 p.m. Also from Harlem Bridge, 130th St. and 3d Ave., 10 and 12 a m., then Half-hourly to 10 p.m., directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c., children half price. Also by horse-railroad from 92d St. (Astoria) Ferry from 6 a.m. until midnight. Fare 10 cents.

THE KAATERSKILL,

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y.

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Leave via West Shore Railroad from West 42d street, New York, 10.45 a.m. 11.30 a.m. and 3.45 p.m. SATURDAY'S SPECIAL—1.15 p.m., at reduced fare.

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CORONADO BEACH, San Diego Co., Cal. *Agassiz* said of *Coronado:* "A climate that has no equal." The average mean temperature *for ten years* has been, *July*, 67.1; *August*, 69. For full particulars, address E. S. BABCOCK, Jr., manager the HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

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Rooms, $1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand Central depot free.
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The most extraordinary vegetable remedy yet discovered. An absolute cure for all hereditary or acquired blood diseases. Infallible in scrofula, cancer, rheumatism, disfiguring eruptions and disorders of stomach, liver, and kidneys of adults and children. Pronounced by leading physicians of New York the greatest blood cure known.

The N. Y. Police Say:

Having been a member of the police of this city for a number of years, and during that time exposed to all the changes of weather, I became afflicted with blood troubles that caused a breaking out on the skin, and also caused rheumatism. I was under the treatment of various physicians, without benefit.

One of my comrades on the force advised me to try Cactus Blood Cure. I did so, resulting in a complete cure of all my ailments. Hoping that this certificate may induce others to try the cure, who may be suffering as I was, I remain, yours truly,

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The Cactus Blood Cure has positively cured numerous cases of Scrofula and Salt Rheum in one month's time, where all other blood purifiers have failed.

Pleasant to take. Applicable to diseases of infancy or old age. All druggists sell it. Price: Large size, $2.00; small, $1.00. Send for descriptive pamphlet and certificates.

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CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

It vas a pooty tuff shtruggles to untie der mixings of good und efil in dis life.

Efery feller can bromote reformations by his own bersonal oxample und don'd you fergot dot.

In der race course of life some fellers coodn't get der shady places out, vhile odders have plaindy frolicks in der sun all der vhile.

Young lawyers, take my word,
If you would win a suit
Why, entertain,
And with champagne
You'll find a way to do't.

Though soft the judge's heart,
Though soft his head may be,
Yet rather try
To satisfy
His stomach's cavity.

A trifle will content
A judge of sentiment—
A tender quail,
A juicy snail,
More than a precedent.

—*Binghamton Republican.*

Young wife—"There, I have finished the letter to my mother, if I only knew what to put in the postscript." *Lady friend*—"You need not add one at all." *Young wife*—"I never thought of that."—*Exchange.*

Customer—"Confound it! aren't you cutting my hair too short?" *Washington Jones* (continuing to cut)—"That's all right, boss. You can t save nuffin'. Twenty-fi' cents, long er sho't."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

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BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801 Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR & SKIN

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. All Druggists or by Mail, 50 Cents. BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York.

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"I tell you this is a great country for education," said old Mr. Pedant when he read in a daily paper an article headed "A great victory for Yale!" "Our colleges are the best in the world, and every young man should have a college training." But when he read on and discovered that the victory was a contest of sculls and not of skulls he immediately lost all interest in the article.—*Norristown Herald.*

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Makes the purest, cheapest and best Beef Tea.

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100 CIGARS FOR $2.25. 25 65c.

The **"H. J. S"** Cigar, Warranted **HAND-MADE,** of best *Havana Seed* Tobacco long filler, burns well, makes a cool smoke, and has a flavor 'par excellence." Every smoker should order, and once tried he will use no other. Send 65 cents for a sample box, post-paid, containing 25 "H. J. S." cigars.

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Ted—"I made Dolly tell me the things she loved me for." *Ned*—"Well?" *Ted*—"I didn't really possess a single one of them."—*Epoch.*

Goethe says life is a quarry out of which a man must chisel a character. Other people will chisel him out of it quick enough if it be for their interest to do so.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why is it that ideas are sought
So oft with shut-up peepers?
Because, of course, a train of thought
Runs easiest on the sleepers.
—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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31 and 33 Vesey street, New York, whose advertisement appears in our columns, is the oldest, largest, best and most responsible tea house in the business. They have been before the people of this country for the past thirty years, and to-day stand preëminent in the business of supplying consumers direct with pure goods only. We advise all our patrons and friends to give their goods a trial, and they will be more than pleased. At the same time they will have a treat, enjoying a cup of good tea or coffee. The Great American Tea Company will do everything that they promise; that is how they have built up their reputation.

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Published by the ladies of St. Mark's church, Canajoharie, N. Y. Compact, useful, elegant. Send fifty cents for copy to Mrs. Benjamin Smith, Canajoharie, N. Y.

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Stranger (to clerk in temperance hotel)—"You don't seem to have any bar here?" *Clerk*—"No, sir; but all our rooms are fitted with electric bells. You can go up to your room if you wish, sir, and have a kodak drink." *Stranger*—"A kodak drink! What is that?" *Clerk*—"You press the button; we do the rest."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter; "can't I have a little fresh air?" The well-drilled automaton raised his voice to a high pitch. "One air!" he yelled, after a pause adding, "let it be fresh!"—*American Grocer.*

A negro preacher's statement at Bloomington, Ill., that the negro is the biggest drunkard and the white man the biggest liar on earth was greeted with howling applause. Thus do we move on to the settlement of the race problem.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Mr. Phorex," said the young man with much feeling, "you must permit me to express my gratitude as well as my surprise that you have permitted Miss Daisy to look with favor upon my suit. In the bitterness that exists between the two cities I could not have complained if you had told me that you did not relish the idea just at this time of having a St. Paul man, and a poor man at that, for a son-in-law." "It is all right, Philip," said the great flour-merchant kindly. "Make your mind easy on that score. When I found that Daisy was determined to have you I went to a census enumerator and had you enrolled as a resident of Minneapolis."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Debut—"Do you believe in marrying for love?" *Chicago matron*—"Oh, it's all a matter of taste. I tried it a couple of times and rather liked it."—*Epoch.*

"HAMMOND"

TYPEWRITER.

Ideal and Universal Keyboards.

Highest Speed Record.

All in one week

The HAMMOND won all the prizes in the late Typewriter Contest, by unanimous decision of five printers, representing the largest establishments in America. 2772 contestants, representing all leading machines.

A check for $7,267.50 just received from the U. S. Treasurer for 75 Hammonds.

WE DO NOT GIVE THEM AWAY.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.,

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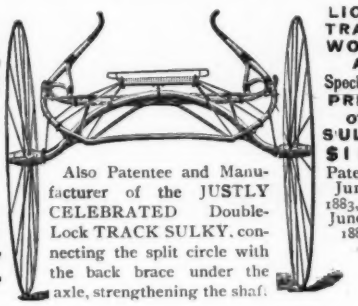

LIGHT TRACK WORK A Specialty. PRICE of SULKY $110. Patented June 3, 1883, and June 16, 1883.

Also Patentee and Manufacturer of the JUSTLY CELEBRATED Double-Lock TRACK SULKY, connecting the split circle with the back brace under the axle, strengthening the shaf.

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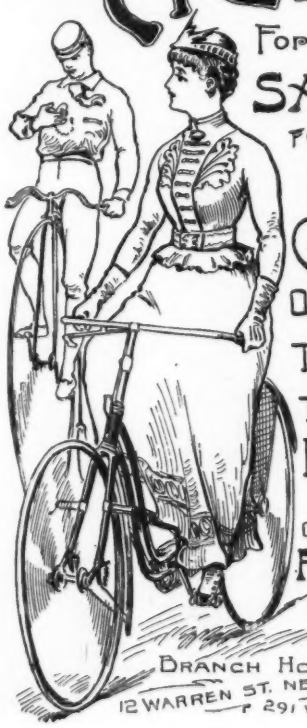

FOR 1890

SAFETIES FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN

ORDINARIES

TANDEMS

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HIGHEST GRADE ONLY

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PURE, SOLUBLE, Delicious.

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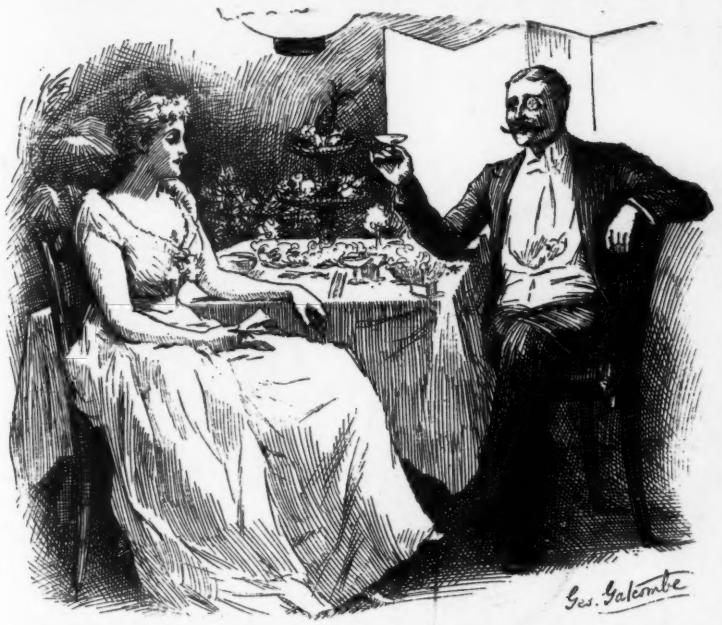
VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."

31



MRS. DEXTER—"I saw you out riding yesterday in a delightfully cool and unique vehicle. Where did you get it?"

MR. MCHALLISTER—"Oh! that is the famous 'Four Hundred' Buckboard, made by The Biddle & Smart Co., of Amesbury, Mass. It is a splendid trap, and our set have adopted it as 'the thing.'"

"But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well." "Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

It has been ascertained by a learned professor in Yale college that the wicked work fifty per cent. harder tew git to hell than the righteous do to reach heaven. What a waste ov time and muscle!—*Josh Billings.*

Employment agent—"See here! How is this? You stayed two weeks in your last place. How did that happen?" *Domestic*—"Shure Oi dunno. Oi musht av overshlept meself."—*New York Weekly.*

"How do orators climb the ladder of fame?" inquired the cigarette editor. "By the rounds of applause, I suppose," replied the picnic editor, wearily humming a strain from "Annie Laurie."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Aunt Mary—"Poor Budge! Does your tooth ache yet? If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once." *Budge*—"If 't were yours? Well, auntie, so would I."—*Harper's Young People.*

Editorial writer—"Give me a novel and striking sentence about Clara Morris." *Dramatic editor*—"She's the only actress who can shed a tear and catch it in her mouth."—*Boston Times.*

When the baby cries all night,
Then the daddy quick confesses,
Marriage, if he views it right,
Quite a howling old success is.
—*Berkshire News.*

Angry advertiser—"If you think I am going to pay you for this ad. you're mistaken." *Advertising clerk*—"What's the matter with it?" *Angry advertiser*—"You promised to put it in next to reading-matter, and you've got it right alongside a column of poetry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Little Mary (who lives on the thirteenth floor of the Excelsior flats)—"Mamma, is heaven higher than this?" "Yes, indeed, Mary." "And when we die are we going to heaven?" "I hope so, darling." "Mamma, if we are real good maybe we can get to move down on the second floor when we die."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"In Java you need not be very distinguished to have a hundred servants at your back. I kept sixty myself, and it took four to mix my grog." "What! four servants for one glass of grog?" "Certainly; one made the water hot, a second put in the sugar, a third added the rum, and the fourth drank it, for I don't take grog myself."—*Wiener Bilderbogen.*

Alderman Finnegan—"Jamesy, me bye, run over to the crockery store an' git two o' them little things to kape spices in. We want thim for the bar." *Jamesy*—"Yis, sor." *Alderman Finnegan*—"An' Jamesy, see that there's an 'S' marked on ache o' thim." *Jamesy*—"Yis, sor; but phat for, sor?" *Alderman Finnegan*—"Bekase, wan ov thim is for salt an' wan ov thim is for cinnamon. Run along now loike a foine bye."—*American.*

ARMOUR'S
(CHICAGO)
Extract of Beef,

—FOR—

SOUPS, SAUCES,
BOUILLON or BEEF TEA.

—THE—

RICHEST, STRONGEST,
MOST NUTRITIOUS,
AND, THEREFORE,
THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

Awarded the Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

Adopted by the U. S. Army Medical Department.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY. It is economy to do a thing well in the first place and avoid having to do it over, therefore plaster your house with INDESTRUCTIBLE

ADAMANT WALL PLASTER.

IT SAVES CONSTANT REPAIRING.

For circulars and full information address ADAMANT M'F'G CO, Syracuse, N. Y., or Bennett Building, N. Y. City.
[MENTION THIS PAPER.]

FULTON ST., COR. PEARL, NEW YORK.

WM. SCHWARZWAELDER & CO.,
Banking and Office Interiors and Commercial Furniture.
Special Designs and Estimates furnished on application.
Send for Catalogue of Roll-Top Desk.

All night in the sleeper with the heat at 93°

The dusty drive to the hotel.

The ordeal of the piazza.

Fighting for his dinner.

Young Smith flies to the country for pure air and rest.

Picnicking with the girls.

Obliging the girls again.

Entertaining the children.

Fishing with the heat at 100°.

Back to the dear old city.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Don't Spoil your Feet with Cheap Shoes.

**** If you want PERFECTION in fit, with freedom from CORNS and all DISCOMFORT, you will never wear anything except THE BURT & PACKARD SHOE.

Don't permit any substitute for the "Korrect Shape," as we have arranged to supply any one in the United States who cannot get these goods of our agents, and prepay all delivery charges, thus bringing them to your door without extra cost.

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD

See that EVERY PAIR is STAMPED THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrect Shape."

THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrect Shape" Shoes are made in four grades, viz.: Hand-made, Hand-welt, Burt-welt and Machine Sewed. The trade-mark above—showing the foot in a natural position within a shoe, and also the words "Korrect Shape"—is fully covered under the patent laws, and we shall be glad of any information where dealers are making use of either of these designs in the hope of deceiving the public.

Our agents should carry all styles in *Congress, Button,* and *Bal* for Gents, Boys and Youths.

All information concerning our different styles, kinds of stock, how to obtain these goods, etc., etc., forwarded by simply naming this publication, with your address in full. **PACKARD & FIELD,** (Successors to BURT & PACKARD) **Brockton, Mass.**

Do you want a Genuine Cordovan Shoe

Absolutely Hand-Made?

If so, or if you want Kangaroo, French Calf, Patent Leather, Mexican Burro, or Imported Russet Leather, you can have it in the "Korrect Shape" (trade mark), which combines elegance and ease with the best wearing qualities.

The *last* models for the **"Korrect Shape"** are made in our own factory, and are the results of years' experience in supplying the highest class of trade of the country. Only the best grades of leather are used for uppers, and bottoms are all oak tanned. Any one not finding a full line with our trade-mark stamped on the sole, can be supplied, charges prepaid. Particulars free.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW 1890 MODEL

HAWK-EYE

DETECTIVE CAMERA, | VIEW CAMERA, | AUTOMATIC CAMERA | MAGAZINE CAMERA, | ALL IN ONE?

If not, send at once for the Hawk-Eye Booklet, containing full description and sample picture. The perfection of Instantaneous Photographic Apparatus. 100 pictures without reloading. *Prices,* $15 to $50. *When so desired, we will do the developing and finishing.*

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Manufacturers, also makers of the Celebrated Blair Reversible Back, English Compact, and other Cameras, Lenses, and Accessories. **Factories: 471, 473, 475, 477 and 485 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.** Branches: 208 STATE ST., Chicago, Ill.; 918 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also sold by Dealers in Photo. Goods everywhere.

TANNER'S PAT. LAMP BRACKET
For Upright Pianos and Organs.
Is attached to the panels or fret-work of the

Instrument alongside of the music desk, as shown in cut. It is solid bronze, and its beauty of finish is in keeping with the best instruments made; is readily attached, and perfectly safe. Music teachers heartily endorse it. Expressed to any address on receipt of $3.50. Address R. W. TANNER & SON, Albany, N. Y.
Mention this paper.]

BUSINESS MEN who would keep their heads above water ought to have **Art in Advertising** twelve times a year.

Art in Advertising is sold at $1.00 per year, or 25c. for three months' trial.

No sample copies; no free list; no deadheadism of any kind.
ART IN ADVERTISING CO.,
85 & 87 Frankfort St., New York.

ARE YOU DISSATISFIED with your cigar trade? If so don't delay ordering sample lot of the Trojan five cent cigar. Best sellers; convince yourself. Price $35 per thousand.
FITZPATRICK & DRAPER, Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y.

No language can express the feelings of a deaf mute who steps on a tack in a dark room.—*Elmira Gazette.*

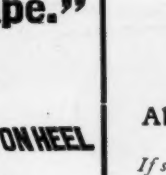
An old saying goes, "Know thyself," and the reason the advice is not more generally followed is that some men want to be mighty particular about the acquaintances they make.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PATENTED. **TRY IT** PATENTED.
AND
YOU'LL BUY IT.

Rolled-Gold. **HOLDS THE SCARF** Rolled-Gold.
ON A STANDING COLLAR PERFECTLY.
AGENTS WANTED. Sample button by mail, 25 cts. Address THE BURTIS BUTTON CO., 78 State St., ALBANY, N. Y.
Mention this paper.

TOO MANY WOMEN, AND WHAT COMES OF IT. BY ONE OF 'EM.
Third Edition, 55 pages. Price 10 Cents, by mail, prepaid; or of Newsdealers. Address CLARK & ZUGALLA, Publishers, 33-43 Gold street, New York.

$15 THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED **TYPEWRITER**
Catalogue free. Address, Typewriter Department, POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.



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GUITARS, MANDOLINS & ZITHERS
in volume and quality of tone are the BEST IN THE WORLD. Warranted to wear in any climate. Sold by all leading dealers. Beautifully illustrated, descriptive catalogue with portraits of famous artists *Mailed Free.*
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"COLUMBIAS"
HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.
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77 Franklin St., BOSTON.

SPOKANE FALLS Is the most rapidly growing young city in America, railway center and metropolis of a territory containing 200,000 square miles unparalleled mineral, agricultural and timber resources. Finest water power in the world. Send for full particulars including handsome book "Spokane Falls Illustrated," to CLOUGH & GRAVES, Financial Agents, Spokane Falls, Washington. Bank references given.

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(Formerly of Glens Falls, N. Y.), Manufacturer of

HIGH-GRADE CANOES AND PLEASURE BOATS,

STEAM LAUNCHES, ETC.,

MOHAWK RIVER,

Foot of Governor's Lane, **SCHENECTADY, N. Y.**

See advertisements in *United States and Canadian Yacht Club Register for* 1890 (published by R. S. Howe, No. 45 Broadway, New York City), pages 194 and 195. Also in A. C. A. and W. C. A. Year-Books, June number *Sail and Paddle*, fourth page, advertisement, and June number of *Rudder*.

And if you want the best work made, or a Trunkless *Plate* Centreboard, especially in Rowboats and Canoes for use at once, send on your orders.

Send for Catalogue any way, and be sure to give full address, plain.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR * * * * * * DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.—DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. —MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.—

—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER. (Cut this out as it may not appear again.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. } MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS.

You can register your letter at any Post-office and insure its safe delivery.

WE OFFER $1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

The professor (drawing a letter out of his pocket)—"It is very strange. I'm sure I put this letter in the letter-box, but"—searching further—"goodness gracious! where's my handkerchief?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

R. H. MACY & CO.

SIXTH AVENUE,

13th to 14th Street, NEW YORK.

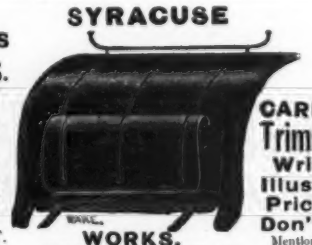
Buy Your Harness, Saddlery, and Stable Requisites of us, and save from 25 to 33⅓ per cent.

Try Our Own Laundry Soap, $3.24 per box, containing 60 lbs.

Save from 20 to 50 per cent. on Oriental Rugs and Embroideries, by purchasing of us. We carry a full line, to which additions are constantly made by direct importations.

SYRACUSE

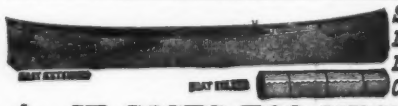
DASHES Fenders. 303 and 305 WALLACE STREET.



CARRIAGE Trimmings. Write for Illustrated Price List. Don't Delay

Mention this paper.

WORKS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Safe. Light. Handsome. Compact.

IT COSTS TOO MUCH To tell about the boat here. Send for our catalogue. Acme Folding Boat Co., Miamisburg, O.

A funny thing is that a secretary can hunt for a week to discover the record of an action taken by his society, and yet find it in a minute.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"Is there any cashier," he cried, "in the bank?"
And his voice was choked with fear,
While there floated across from the Canada line
A faint, far echo, "Here!"
—*Philadelphia Times.*

"It's the queerest thing, you know; I called on that Miss Hankinson of Harlem last night and that Chubb was there. I hadn't been in the room ten minutes when Chubb offered to bet Miss Hankinson that I could not go down to the battery and be back in two hours. She took the bet and I started. I did it in an hour and forty minutes, but when I got back to the house Chubb had gone home and Miss Hankinson had retired."—*Seattle Press.*

LITTLE POUSSE-CAFÉ.

What passion-freaks my ruler has,
What changing hues of mood!
Sweet ever as a maid may be,
But not at all times good.
What impulse of the moment will
This reckless one obey;
My wayward girl, my darling girl,
My little *pousse-café.*

Jealous the little vixen is—
The chartreuse green, my pet—
Now fairly white in pretty rage—
There comes the anisette!
So, as with cordials in the glass
The shifting colors play;
My wayward girl, my darling girl,
My little *pousse-café.*

A flush upon the peachy cheek?
Well, curaçoa's red—
A storm of kisses, fierce and hot,
Upon my forehead shed;
With all the rest, since blood is warm,
There is the brandy's sway;
My wayward girl, my darling girl,
My little *pousse-café.*

But ah! the new look in her eyes!
The dearest change is this:
The benedictine softness now,
The trust and perfect bliss.
This is the melting mood of love,
This is the one should stay!
My wayward girl, my darling girl,
My little *pousse-café.*
—*Stanley Waterloo in America.*

A PARABLE.

Once upon a time in one of the outer courts of paradise an angel was dispensing gifts to the theatrical profession. Many of the actors present asked for things which they had desired earnestly, such as

The centre of the stage;
The genius of Booth;
The beauty of Anderson;
The friendship of a critic.

And the angel gave each his choice from a large table where the gifts were displayed. At last it was the English actor's turn to choose.

"I want this," he said, and he picked up a round object from the table and was walking away

"Drop that!" said the angel. "We all know that you have wanted that for a long time, but you can't have it. Guess again!"

Then the English actor dropped it with a thud which was dull and nauseating.

It was the earth! —*Dramatic Mirror.*

Judge's Library.

Published Monthly. *Price 10c. per copy.*

JUDGE'S LIBRARY is a neatly printed 32-page book containing a selection of the best jokes and black and white pictures which have appeared in JUDGE from time to time, to all of which JUDGE'S well-known artists and writers are contributors. It is a

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF FUN,

and is to be obtained of newsdealers and booksellers everywhere, or will be sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of price.

The ubiquitous train-boy has it.

Ask him to let you see a copy.

THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF JUDGE'S LIBRARY ARE ALWAYS TO BE HAD.

No. 9. ZIM'S SKETCHES. A collection of Zim's inimitable pictures.

No. 10. JUDGE'S CALENDAR. A laughable New-Year book.

No. 11. IRISH ARISTOCRACY. A funny book full of funny sayings and funny doings of our Irish brother.

No. 12. ON THE RAIL. A humorously illustrated skit on railroads and railroad traveling.

No. 13. OUR FRIEND, THE HEBREW. A comical portrayal of our Hebrew friend's little eccentricities. Not vicious, yet spicy enough to be enjoyed by everybody.

No. 14. ROUGH AND TOUGH. Illustrating the humorous side of the every-day life of the genus tramp.

No. 15. MR. HAYSEED. The countryman at home and abroad; his experiences, laughable and otherwise.

No. 16. WILD WEST. The home of the whoop and the whooper. Sketches of western life on the spot—and off the spot.

No. 17. SEA AND SHORE. Skits of the summer season. (*Ready August 1st.*)

The Judge Publishing Co.,

JUDGE BUILDING, No. 110 FIFTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK CITY.

A MIDSUMMER LECTURE

By Allan Forman, Editor of the New York Journalist.

While talking directly to the newspaper guild, men of every calling should profit by his wise remarks.

Mr. Allan Forman, editor of the *Journalist*, each week delivers a lecture on some topic in the columns of his interesting and popular paper, and in the issue of last week he took for his subject, "A Look Ahead." This is what he said:

Newspaper workers have, justly or unjustly, gained the reputation of being the most improvident of men. It is becoming recognized by the more intelligent portion of the public that newspaper men, as a rule, earn good salaries, the idea of the seedy reporter and the out-of-elbows editor, so carefully fostered by the long-eared newspaper buffoon, is rapidly being eradicated, but the impression is that the newspaper man spends his earnings as fast as he makes them, that he makes no provision for a "rainy day," and that the chances are, when his Dixon is dropped for the last time, he has made no provision for his family

Th[illegible]oo often true. If the accounts of the charity fund of the New York Press Club could be made public they would tell some strange and startling stories of brilliant men who have made and spent fortunes, and whose families suffered the most pinching poverty when the bread-winner was incapacitated or laid at rest

It is not probable that any man seriously contemplates the possibility of having his wife and family dependent upon the Press Club or the charity of his fellow-workers. The very sanguine, hopeful, resilient temperament which makes him careless, not perhaps of to-morrow, but certainly of the day after, and as for the possibility of death in the near or even the distant future, it never enters his head. He has a vague feeling that he will live as long as he sees anybody else alive, and in the meantime that lucky stroke, that fortune, which is always dancing will-o'-the-wisp-like in the future, will be secured; but the worker dies, the weekly salary has been spent, and the wife and children are the sufferers.

This is not universally the case, but it is too frequent, and the results foster the general opinion of journalistic improvidence.

The Journalist has steadily and earnestly urged the necessity, the duty of insurance upon its readers. At the risk of being ranked as a crank, I have utilized every available text and preached the Insurance sermon until it seems a very trite theme indeed. That my persistent efforts have had some effect I am gratified to know. But hardly a week passes that from some part of the country the subject is not forced upon my notice. Letters from widows—pathetic letters—asking for work and urging the fact that the dead husband was a newspaper man, often not so much for the purpose of arousing sympathy as a sort of guarantee of fitness and experience. Letters which are so earnest, so appealing, and oftentimes so hopeless. The first question which rises to one's mind under such circumstances is, "Was he insured?" And the letter furnishes the reply. It is not probable that any one of these "good fellows" who have left those near and dear to them to face the hard struggle with the world had any idea of doing so They fully intended to provide for them "some time." It is so easy to put off life insurance. It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate; it is a sort of a nuisance to go through with the prescribed forms, but it is a source of solid comfort when it is done. There is a feeling of confidence, a pleasing sensation of a duty performed, which more than pays for the trouble.

As to the expense, that should not and need not enter into the consideration. Life insurance in these days is not expensive, especially in the case of a young man; there are several new forms of insurance which are, aside from being a possible provision for those who are dependent upon him, a profitable investment. The terms of payment offered by the reputable companies are so easy and the arrangements so liberal that the matter of payment hardly forms a factor in the question at all. There is this to be said, however, that insurance which is apparently the cheapest is often the most expensive. The Brothers of the Mystic Sign, the Knights of the Tin Gun, and other so-called fraternal societies. "do not, as a rule, offer as good security as the established companies. Newspaper men should proceed on the same theory in the matter of insurance that they follow in other matters." THE BEST is none too good for a newspaper man.

Finally, there is one good time to insure; that is *now*.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
CONDENSED STATEMENT.
January 1, 1890.

Assets	$107,150,309.12
Liabilities, 4%	84,329,234 92
Surplus	$22,821,074.20
New Assurance	$175,264,100.00
Outstanding Assurance	631,016,666.00
Income	30,393,288.28

H. B. HYDE, President.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

Two in the shade is considered the proper temperature for courtship.—*Berkshire News.*

A man with an umbrella that doesn't belong to him is not watching the lost columns of a newspaper to see if it is advertised.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Gushley—"A man who is disappointed nowadays cannot throw away his life in battle, as jilted heroes did in the past." *Rushby*—"That is true; but what is the matter with getting a position as a base-ball umpire?"—*Chatter.*

Tramp—"Dear madam, can you give me something to warm me up?" *Lady*—"I should say I could, sir. I nearly scalded a tramp to death yesterday. Just wait a minute, I"—— The tramp didn't wait to hear more.—*Boston Herald.*

The Best Accident Insurance

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Accident insurance to be good for anything must be good all through. No other accident company gives insurance to be compared with that furnished by THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, which is the largest, because the public have learned that it is the best. $5,000 full indemnity insurance costs a member $15 per year if made in one payment. 13 years of success: $2,000,000.00 losses paid; $100,000.00 emergency fund deposited with the Atlantic Trust Company.

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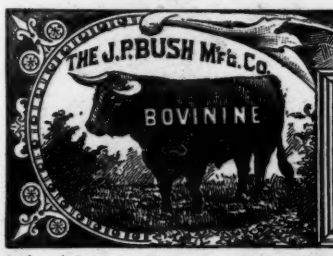
Lounger—"Do cook-books form an important item in your sales?" *Bookseller*—"Yes; we sell them by the thousand." "The women appreciate them, eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."—*New York Weekly.*

An exchange says that "a model wife is one who thinks her husband knows more than her kin." This may be true. But to come up to the requirement would put an awful strain on the wives of some husbands.—*Denver Times.*



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THE acutely sick as well as chronic invalids are starved daily while using beef tea, calf's-foot jelly and the various beef extracts made by application of heat. None of these things contain a particle of nutrition, nor do they contribute anything for the support of the vital processes, but act solely as stimulants—not restoratives. meat, prepared **BOVININE** holds in solution the albuminoids and salts of lean raw by a cold process preserving the life-sustaining and tissue-building properties of the meat itself. Consult your doctor about it.

—A—
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AT HOME,
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By simply dissolving this Salt in ordinary water. This can be used as a luxury for its exhilarating influence and as a remedial agent in Debility, Languor, Rheumatism, and Weakness of the Joints, for Tender Feet, Nasal Catarrh, etc. Extracted directly from the "foaming billows" by evaporation, at one of the most salubrious spots on the coast, it has all the medicinal advantages of the natural water; at the same time it is purified and entirely freed of all organic impurities, such as are usually found in our surf.

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The house ought to be cleaned with *Sapolio*. Try a cake in your next house-cleaning and be convinced.

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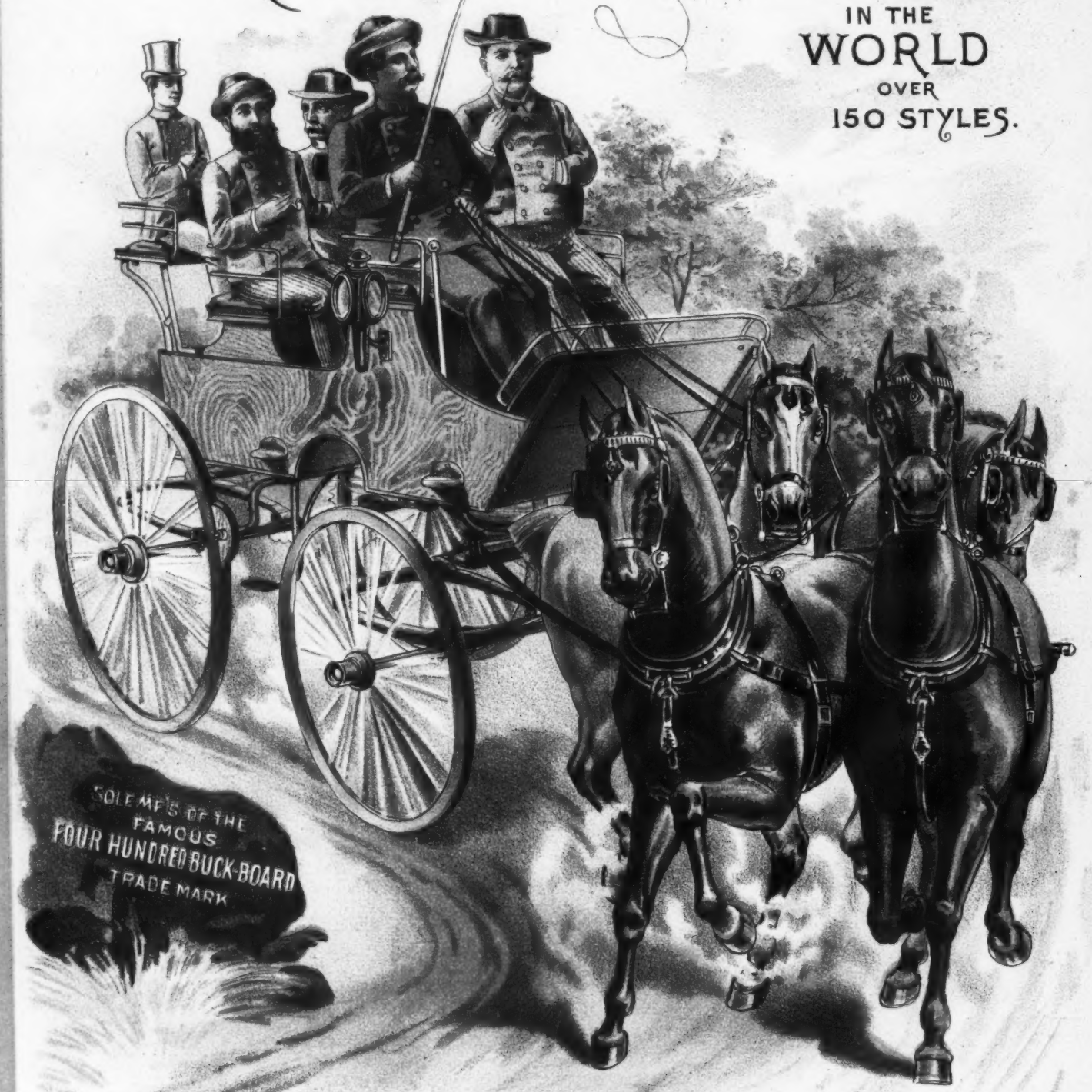

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